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Reading Room

MY LIGHTHOUSE.

Lift up thy light, O soul, arise and shine
Steadfast while all the storms of life assail!
Immortal spark of the great Light divine
Against whose power no tempest shall prevail!

Hold high thy lamps above earth's restless tides,
Scatter thy messages of hope afar!
Falsehood and folly pass, but truth abides;
Thine be the splendor of her deathless star.

When the world's sins and sorrows round thee rave,
Pierce thou the darkness with thy dauntless ray,
Send out thy happy beams to help and save,
"More and more shining to the perfect day!"

—Celia Thaxter.

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THE REST DAY INITIATIVE ACT DEFEATED PROBABLY.

The "One Day Rest in Seven" constitutional amendment was defeated, probably, though there are no published returns as yet from more than one-half of the precincts. According to the latest returns given out it had about 28,000 majority against it.

It was a good measure,—unless, as some believe, it would have restricted work to eight hours a day. That clause was exceedingly unfortunate, and probably brought about the defeat of the amendment. We know several people who had intended to vote for it, but voted against it when it was declared to be an eight-hour measure.

Another thing operating against this initiative act was the statement in the pamphlet sent out to voters that it was "an act prohibiting, except in cases of emergency, the working for wages, or requiring or employing any person to work more than six days or forty-eight hours a week."

An opinion from the Attorney-General was sent out to the effect that it was not an eight-hour measure, but it is evident that this did not come to the notice of the voters in general.

The eight-hour feature aside, we regret that it did not carry. It left the question of amusements to local enactments, was quite liberal in its exceptions, and would have done great good. For one thing, it would have closed the saloons from midnight on Saturday until Monday morning, and thus would have saved thousands of dollars for needy wives and children.

California needs such a law—not a Sunday law, such as some strict church people want, but a one-day-rest-in-seven law.

ILLUSIONS IN WAR.

No well-informed persons are any longer declaring that the European war is on Germany's part a war of the Kaiser or of a small military party. It is everywhere recognized as the war of the German people. They are back of it to a man, and would have been if the question had been submitted to a vote of the people. Moreover, in England today there is a general admission that the Germans are fighting as conscientiously as the English are.

And the London Daily Times, on the 22nd of October, made this very significant declaration: "War is made not by tendencies and forces, but by men who, if they knew what was in each others' hearts, would never make it."

It was in this connection that the Times said: "It seemed easy not to hate the Germans when the war began, but it is less easy now that we have borne the strain of war for two months and a half. Not only their deeds, but their words, seem outrageous to us. * * We know we are not what the Germans think us, whatever our sins may be. We know that England is not an abstraction, cold and greedy and treacherous, but a country of people whose virtues we love and whose vices we extenuate because they are our own. But Germany—she seems to us now to speak with one voice as if she were an abstraction, and that voice says always the same venomous things against the abstract England of her evil dream.

"But she is not an abstraction any more than England is. She, too, is a country of men and women who love their own virtues and extenuate their own faults; and they also hear of the evil things which England says of them, and think that England is pouring out a hatred long-nursed and attempting a destruction long planned. What an ugly word 'Germany' sounds to us now; yet to them it is a music which sets them marching, and they will suffer and die for it, as we for England.

"That at least we have in common, as a proof that we are not beasts, but men: the readiness to sacrifice our bodies at the call of our souls; and mere hatred, or the greed of conquest, would never spur either Germans or Englishmen to make the sacrifice. Every man has a dignity who is ready to die for a cause, whether it be good or bad; for men will not die for causes which do not seem right to them; and the Germans, we know, are ready to die in herds and droves for Germany."

The Times editorial continued: "These hosts are not inhuman, whatever evil design has ranged them against us, but men like ourselves, to whom we also seem inhuman hosts; and if some voice from heaven could suddenly speak the truth to us, the weapons would drop from our hands and we should laugh in each other's faces until we wept to think of all the dead that could not share the truth with us, and the wounded who could not be cured by it, and the widows and orphans to whom it could not give back their husbands and fathers. For the truth, the ultimate truth, behind all armaments and national conflicts and all the pride of victory and the shame of defeat, is that we are men in whom the spirit is stronger than the flesh, in whom the spirit desires love more than the flesh desires hatred. We have a strange way of showing that now; but whatever our own delusions, each nation knows that it is fighting the delusions of the other; and against them it is necessary for us to fight as if against the hallucinated fury of a madman. Yet the fighting is best done as good soldiers do it who know that their enemies are men, not devils, and who fear them the less because they do not hate."

Give me, within the work which calls today,
To see Thy finger gently beckoning on;
So struggle grows to freedom, work to play
And toils begun from Thee, to Thee are done.
—James Freeman Clarke.

"A HUGUENOT SAINT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY."

A Remarkably Interesting Book.

There was issued a few weeks ago by the Fleming H. Revell Company of New York a book on which the present writer has pondered considerably of late, and which deserves much more than a brief and passing notice.

It is a translation from the French—from the 11th edition. This book by Paul Seippel gives a segment of the life of a pain-wracked, sweet-souled Swiss girl, who climbed the steep pathway which leads through pain to joy; and, who passing out of this life in 1911 at the age of 25, well-deserving the appellation "A Huguenot Saint of the Twentieth Century," will remain a long time as an inspiring example to persons all around the world.

We do not believe that this girl, Adele Kamm, had the right thought as to pain and suffering; but in her triumph over it and in her life of remarkable service in the grip of the most torturing pain, there are lessons men and women everywhere should learn.

Adele Kamm believed that God had ordered her life of suffering for a very definite purpose, and that he had done it—her intense suffering to the contrary notwithstanding—"with such tenderness and exquisite gentleness," that she lay in all her helplessness a willing instrument in his hands.

Our thought is that pain is usually the result of sin or error, sometime, somewhere. It may not be possible to trace the connection, but connection there is. "Pain is the distressed outcry of a broken order," writes Dr. S. D. Gordon. "Pain of body comes through the breaking of nature's arrangements there." Although pain has a great mission, God does not send pain.

Adele Kamm had not sinned, had not transgressed nature's laws in any such manner as to bring such suffering as came upon her; but some one else had, and she was an inheritor.

While Adele Kamm thanked God for her life of suffering, we thank Him for her life of triumph.

Several years were passed in a sanatorium, where she brightened and inspired the lives of hundreds of persons, though often unable to leave her room.

Once she wrote to a friend: "I have at last learned to love my illness. * * * It does not seem an enemy any longer, but rather an inseparable companion, who teaches me many precious lessons by the way." Her biographer writes: "Surely no one ever carried the art of being an invalid to such perfection! But then no one was ever more determined than she that illness should not make her life either useless or unhappy. Although she had learned to love her affliction for the sake of all the good she gained from it, yet at the same time she fought against it with all her might, and would not allow it to subdue her spirit. Long ago she had determined its limits: 'You may destroy my body bit by bit,' she said, 'and eventually you may kill me, but in the meantime you shall not prevent me from living!' Life means work, and in action she renewed her strength."

In 1910 she wrote to a friend: "I feel that there is real danger in living entirely in one room; I mean the danger of becoming warped and narrow in outlook, and of losing our sense of proportion, which is sure to lead us into some error or another, and ultimately to an artificial view of life. For some years I did not feel this so much because the memories of ordinary life were still sufficiently

vivid to keep my outlook healthy and normal. But that is now no longer the case—those memories have become confused in my mind, and I live on the recollections of my abnormal invalid life. I suppose I must try to make up for this lack of experience by will-power, and I might even add by the use of common sense and intelligence. It is only by seeing all sorts of people, and hearing all kinds of opinions, that I can in any way keep in touch with ordinary life, and prevent my faculties from becoming either warped or stunted. That is why I try to take a keen interest in all sorts of things, even in balls, and sport, and fashions! * * * If I am stronger in the spring I mean to begin learning Esperanto."

Her room always overflowed with happiness, even when she suffered intensely. Her biographer writes: "She was the most attractive invalid I ever saw. I shall never forget my first visit to her. I was ushered into a room flooded with bright spring sunshine, where she lay in bed, for she had not been able to get up for a long time. Above her head a little canopy of some diaphanous material softened the effect of the light and showed up her pale complexion. She was very prettily dressed. A pale pink shawl was thrown carelessly round her shoulders. She loved rose-color, and liked to see her room gay with it." And again the author says: "On the threshold of that charming room always gay with flowers as though its occupant were on the eve of a festival, every visitor laid down the burden of sordid care or of ignoble feeling. She could see only the good in those who came to her. Believing implicitly in their goodness she made people long to be worthy of her opinion. From all quarters a constant tide of sympathy flowed into her chamber. No one could help loving her; she was so appealing in her purity and innocence. Such a beautiful expression of simple goodness shone in those steadfast eyes which never beheld the world's sore evil. Unsullied as a vestal virgin she had been set apart by pain, far from all that was low, degrading, or mean. She was shut out from the dusty tumult of life's battle, and through this separation she had indeed won the highest victory: she had transformed her suffering into a glorious privilege."

She was wont to hide her suffering from her visitors and correspondents—unless she saw that one was ready to faint under a well night unbearable burden of suffering, and then she would unveil her own pain so as to give help and strength to that needy one.

The author tells us that Adele Kamm's spiritual state during the last years of her life resembles the description given by St. Teresa of those souls who, after long and toilsome ascent along the path of pain and sanctification, have at last reached the seventh circle of the Interior Castle. These blessed spirits live a renewed life. They have been purged from every vestige of selfishness. They accept suffering with joy, and long for it as a privilege."

We are told that the question of her personal salvation did not trouble Adele Kamm at all. "She thought so much about other people that she had no time to be constantly examining the state of her own soul or of her hopes for eternity. She was not given to morbid introspection, though she knew how to retire within herself. She never sought to penetrate the mysteries of religious ecstasy. She had no desire for spiritual delights which she could not share with others, and she took as much trouble to keep in touch with the life of her day as a nun does to live apart from it."

Although Adele Kamm believed in prayer and wrote

of the high value of it in the spiritual life she came to a time when she seemed utterly unable to pray in set forms at all, either mentally or aloud. It distressed her at first, but later she wrote that God had graciously met her need and led her into almost unbroken communion with himself. "I would not exactly call it prayer," she wrote, "but rather the Holy Spirit working so powerfully in my heart that all my thoughts and actions, whether of a trifling nature, or guided by a serious, loving, and spiritual purpose, are wrought in an atmosphere in which the spiritual and material are so wonderfully blended together that they can no longer be clearly distinguished from each other, and I myself can hardly tell which is which! This experience brings me so much inward joy and peace, and also success in my work, that it quite consoles me for my inability to pray, for I feel and know that the Holy Spirit unites me closely to God."

The author says that he finds nothing to indicate that Adele Kamm was ever 'converted' in the ordinary sense of the word; that she does not belong, in psychological language, to the order of the Twice-born; but he traces in her the slow religious development—apart from any violent upheaval—of a well-balanced spiritual nature." Although not brought up in the Revivalist School, she had in her early years a deep sense of sin which led her to regard as serious the trifling faults of her childhood. She made much of the Cross, but this was because she sought in it the explanation of her own suffering. She believed that Christians continue in their suffering the work of Christ in minature—share in some way in his redemptive work. Here we have the secret of her radiant joy through many years of suffering. Faith healers and Christian Scientists proffered aid, but she turned from them. She wrote once to a friend: "I do not doubt that God can heal us, but if he does not do so he is only acting for our highest good; and, personally, I cannot understand this terrible struggle which destroys all the spiritual peace and blessing flowing from an entire acceptance of the will of God. Thus, as my prayers, and those of my family, have not been answered, we have accepted the situation, and in doing so we have found wonderful compensations. I tear up all the tracts on Faith-healing which are sent to me, for I am firmly convinced that God will not allow me to suffer in vain, and I know only too well that I have so much yet to learn that recovery would not be good for me." And so she went her way, ever joyful.

Once when she said of her life that it was "such a happy life!" one who knew her suffering asked himself, "Does she really mean it, or is it merely bravado?" But he realized it was no brave pretence, but with all sincerity.

Adele Kamm's gift of spiritual insight made it possible for her "to discover something of religious value in the most unorthodox." "A firm believer in her own creed, which meant so much to her, she could yet quite well understand that an entirely different form of faith might be more acceptable to other minds."

One she wrote to a friend: "The longer I live the more I perceive that every expression of religious truth is imperfect, and that the most elementary form has a value of its own as well as the most enlightened. I see that there is really one religion,—that which Christ instituted when He said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself.' Agnostic, Protestants, Roman Catholics, all are one in my sight. We are all brethren, weak and sinful creatures for whom Christ died!"

Once a young man who belonged to a society of free-thinkers, into whose hands had fallen a copy of her book, "Joyful in Tribulation," went to talk with her. She has told how she dealt with him: "I did not try to prove to him in any cut-and-dried fashion that Christ is the Son of God, and that the Bible is fully inspired. I simply said that no human being, either sceptic or believer, could assert or deny these things, but that every belief which raises us above ourselves, which strengthens us in the struggle between good and evil, is a dogma before which we must bow in reverence, a sure refuge which we should never desert, though we must remember that this same tenet may be of no value to another person, but that some entirely different form may suit him better."

If it be true that Adèle Kamm did not have the right conception of pain, the query arises, What was it that gave her so great a victory over it? It was her faith. Whether rightly or wrongly, she believed that her suffering was God's gift for the moulding of her life; and so she summoned all her will-power to accept it trustfully—determined that the spiritual should triumph over the material, saying, as already quoted: "You may destroy my body bit by bit, and eventually you may kill me, but in the meantime you shall not prevent me from **living!**"

Strangely, she remarked once: "I cannot bear to see either people or animals suffer. But in the realm of personal experience I am forced to see the hand of God in every detail of my long trial."

So intense was her desire to keep her loved ones from sorrow that in the last months of her illness she struggled on for this reason while her body was in a condition beyond description." She managed to preserve a flicker of life by keeping absolutely still, but the whole of her right side, on which she had to lie on account of the state of the vertebrae, was an open wound." Nevertheless she never faltered during that long-drawn-out agony. "She lay there in a state of heavenly peace." Her mother never left her room those days; and Adele, fully conscious, would follow her about the room with her eyes, murmuring a loving word occasionally. Sometimes she managed to joke a little in order to comfort her mother, one day remarking: "If the doctors wanted to mend me, where would they find any sound parts? I have two arms and two legs—nothing else." And the mother replied: "There is your heart, my darling, and your eyes!" Yes those **wonderful** eyes!

We give so much space to a review of this Life of Adele Kamm because we believe that in her is to be had a valuable psychological study.

Our Christian Science friends declare that pain is an error of mortal mind. So believing, it is evident that they escape at least some of it; and radiantly they keep their faces turned toward what they discern to be a day when mind everywhere shall triumph over it.

Faith-healers believe that it is not God's will that every sufferer should remain in a suffering state, and through the prayer of faith seek their restoration.

What better can be said than what Adele Kamm herself said as she contrasted her conception of pain with that of Madame Flournoy? "Every one must formulate his or her own ideas on the subject, and must consider them all valuable if they help us to make the best of life and to bear our sufferings with courage."

This is the main thing. And that is why people should refrain from criticising Christian Science and Faith-healing

and New Thought methods, which surely have been found to meet the needs of not a few.

The thought of the present writer concerning bodily pain is that it is in the evolutionary process through which man is moving gradually to be overcome. We all are a part of the whole—the whole that now is and the whole that is to be. As such we must stand trustfully and courageously in our places, believing that whether we suffer because of our own sins and errors, or because of those of others, it is in this way that mankind ascends to higher places.

"The whole creation," said the Apostle Paul, "groaneth and travaileth together in pain."

WHAT IS IT TO BE SPIRITUALLY MINDED?

Thomas T. Giffen.

(An address at the Northern California Congregational Conference in Oakland, Oct. 22, 1914.)

To be spiritually minded is to be willing to interpret all experience in terms of the relation of spirit to spirit, which means in terms of the relation of God to man.

It has often been said that the Prayer Meeting is the spiritual thermometer of the church. The beauty of the church building and the quality of the music may indicate the aesthetic appreciation of the church goes; the sermon may be a fair criterion of their intellectual powers; the size of the morning congregation may measure the social and material prosperity, but that Wednesday evening meeting where pious souls meet to pray and sing, that shows how much of spiritual life the church contains. This doctrine was taught me in my youth and I forthwith came to the conclusion that I was lacking in spiritual qualities. I went to the meeting only occasionally, and then only when, after building the fire in the stove, I had failed to escape the vigilant Elder who must have been anxious to divert me from the way of the traditional minister's son. But as I look back I think I recall a number of my contemporaries like myself begged to be excused from the prayer meeting. The gathering, with all its earnestness, and spirituality, was so confined and dismal as to be quite dispiriting. And yet those men were very spiritually minded, as was evidenced by the fact that they were at home with their Browning, or Tennyson, or Whittier, or Romola or Les Miserables, or with current events and fiction in an effort to keep in touch with the onward, upward movement of the restless human spirit. The church that says the prayer meeting is its spiritual thermometer does itself and those who do not go to the meeting a very great injustice.

In college days our Y. M. C. A. cabinet used to gather in a little quiet room to consider the spiritual destinies of the college which we imagined had been committed to our keeping as to the football team had been given the protectorate of her athletic glories. We fell into a habit of measuring the spiritual condition of the college by counting the men who attended the Bible study classes and the weekly prayer service. We came to think of the men who did not participate in those activities, however well behaved they might be, as unspiritual beings. I remember being sometimes surprised in Ethics and philosophy classes to hear from men who had no use for organized religion questions and suggestions which showed a depth of spiritual appreciation to which I was an utter stranger. Spiritual minded-

ness is something much broader than any kind of organized religious life.

To be spiritually minded does not mean to give one's assent to any particular creed, however important creeds may be. Some spiritually minded persons believe in the verbal inspiration of the scriptures, while some take a more rational and spiritual view of the method by which we got our Bible. A man may be spiritually minded who accepts the crass, materialistic view of the atonement that **men's sins are washed away by the physical blood of Jesus shed on Calvary.** But this quality of mind is not to be denied to men who receive the New Theology doctrine of the Atonement, nor to men who may believe nothing about it because they have not taken time to consider it.

Spiritual mindedness is not confined to the adherents of the Christian religion. If one goes out to China he will not find a people conspicuous for depth of spiritual thinking.

Their great teacher gave them a code of ethics which has to do with prudence and practical living and does not require them to relate themselves consciously to an ultimate spiritual reality. So the thought of the people is almost entirely taken up with clothes and money and food. But if one goes down into India he will come into contact with a great deal of spiritual mindedness. Perhaps the facile life of the Orient is more conducive to thinking than our tormented western life. But for some reason those Hindu mystics have been able to sound spiritual depths which we unmeditative victims of a turbulent Occidental civilization know nothing about. Cuthbert Hall said a few years ago that sometime we would give to the people of India our Gospel of John, and they would give it back to us with an explanation of its meaning, a thing which we have never yet understood. I think I detect a partial fulfillment of this prophecy as I read the writings of Tagore and find here and there a quotation from Jesus explained, and illumined with new and brilliant light.

Spiritual mindedness does not necessitate any particular philosophical view of the relation of matter and spirit. I believe it would be possible for one to take a spiritual view of life even though he should be a surviving specimen of an almost extinct race of philosophical materialists. And this he could do by laying the emphasis of his life not on matter which to him is the creator and ultimate reality but on spirit which is the created and nearer reality. On the other hand it is possible for an absolute idealist, one who believes that there is no real being but mind, thought, ideas, to be a materially minded individual. He becomes so when he lays the great stress of his practical thinking and living not on spirit, but on matter, which is the manifestation of spirit.

And yet again spiritual mindedness does not necessitate great intellectual power. Mary Magdalene was probably not a woman of great intellect. But her complete devotion to one whose view of life was wholly spiritual would indicate that she was a woman of deep spiritual appreciations. One can be spiritually minded if he wills to be so. For this reason I have used the word "willing" rather than "able" in my definition. No one who wants to be spiritually minded need think that he is barred by meagre intellectual powers. Mary Magdalene can be just as spiritually minded as can Aristotle with his giant mind.

Now I have not meant to say that it makes no difference to one whether he goes to prayer meeting or not; it may

make a great difference. I have not said that I do not care what he believes, I care a great deal. I have not said that it is of no consequence whether one is a Christian or a Buddhist, and whether he is a materialist or an idealist, or whether he is ignorant or intelligent. All of these are of tremendous moment. But none of them, attendance at prayer meetings, acceptance of orthodox creeds, fortunate religious environment, true philosophical views, can make a man spiritually minded. On the other hand the lack of all these qualifications cannot entirely hinder one from attaining one's desired haven of spirituality.

Concrete illustrations perhaps can bring out better what I mean. All men are to some degree spiritually minded and none are wholly so. It is all a matter of more or less. But we can select certain individuals who might serve as examples of one type of mind and of the other. We should perhaps not select Theodore Roosevelt as a conspicuous example of the spiritual mind. He lives in a world of material force and "realizable ideals," too often inappreciative of ultimate spiritual reality and infinite ideals. This judgment is not meant as a condemnation but as a classification. As an example of the spiritually minded man, Tagore, the great poet of Bengal, will serve well. He lives in the world of the spirit and finds in everything a divine meaning. "To him the traveler in his red-brown clothes that he wears that the dust may not show upon him, the maiden searching for the petals which have fallen from the wreath of her royal lover, the servant waiting in the empty house for the return of the master, these are images of the heart returning to itself. Flowers and streams, the blowing of conch shells, the heavy rain of an Indian July or the parching heat, these are images of the moods of that heart in union or in separation. A man sitting in a boat playing a flute, like one of those mysterious figures in a Chinese picture, that is God Himself." Spiritual mindedness does not always manifest itself in just that form, but that shows what the quality is,—the willingness to find some spiritual value in every experience.

A passer by one day tried to rescue a child from the way of a drunken chauffeur, and was himself badly injured. One man might see in the wound thus received nothing but a hideous sore to be hidden and healed as quickly as possible. But this was a spiritually minded man. He saw in the wound that which linked him with the drunken driver and with the whole world of sinning men for whom he was partly responsible, a sharer in their wrong. He saw more than that. By that wound, vicariously received, he was united with Jesus in bearing the sins of the world and in helping to reconcile men to God. In that material thing there was a spiritual meaning. Through it he was discovering the God within him.

A few years ago a young woman while down in London's Eastside, saw a man toss a small coin to a passing peddler and receive in exchange a large head of cabbage, which in its raw state he proceeded to devour entire, much after the manner of a hungry wild animal. It was an ugly sight and some of us would choose to forget it as soon as possible while we sought our own comfortable dining-room. But to the woman who saw it that hungry man had a spirit akin to her own and they both were related to a whole world of cold and hungry men. In that experience was a deep spiritual truth. And out of that and similar experiences Hull House was born.

We find a flower in the crannied wall and pluck it out of the cranny. Some of us see in it nothing but a little thing to be examined and preserved or to be torn to pieces and thrown away. But to another it has a deeper, hidden and spiritual value. He cannot carelessly pass it by. It makes him think of the God who made it and of man who appreciates it. It is the connecting spiritual link between the divine and the human spirits. It is possible to find in even the meanest flower that blows some spiritual meaning. It may be the meaning that Tennyson found or some other. He may call it God or he may call it beauty, but it is something that has a message for his spirit.

It was a deep thinker and not a religious fanatic whom I heard say on his return from the Yosemite Valley that he could not look at El Capitan without being persuaded of the existence and power of God. Now to the purely intellectual and logical man El Capitan does not prove that there is a God. It can be explained as the result of the operation of forces which are not different than those which formed a small cliff. As the earth has cooled and contracted something had to happen to its surface. What did happen was that in that particular place the rock that formed the surface cracked and one side pushed up and the other stayed down. So we have El Capitan as a result of the operation of the same law by virtue of which the glass cracked when you poured hot water into it. The great rock furnishes no demonstration of the existence of God. And yet many men have shared the experience of that friend of mine who heard the voice of God speaking out of that rock to the depths of his inmost soul. That sublime rock rising above him in its awful grandeur spoke to his spirit and made him feel that it was not a dead mountain but a living spirit with which he was in communion. To one who is willing to feel as well as to think it can be more than a poetic pleasantry, it can be a profound and vital truth that, "The trees clap their hands and the mountains and hills break forth into singing."

History is to some a chronicle of wars and battles, of the rise and fall of nations, of the evolution of material civilizations. It ought to mean more than that. And spiritual men like the Hebrew prophets find in it more than that. They find a record of spiritual progress, a testimony of what God is doing in the world. God is in history and spiritual men can discern Him there. Even from this sickening conflict in Europe God is not absent. Through it with all its horrors, He is working out His will. Over there behind those armies fighting in cruel hate, against the hills in sombre autumn colors, in dim outline stands in pitying kindness the figure of the Christ.

Life's duties are different to the spiritually minded person than to one for whom only material things have meaning. You are called upon to forgive as you have been forgiven. Now forgiveness is a very difficult thing, perhaps impossible, to one who does not see in the act a spiritual experience which unites him with the great Pardoner of our debts. Forgiveness, Henri Bordeaux has taught us in his recent beautiful novel, "Footprints Beneath the Snow," is impossible except as one leans upon God. Duty may call one to go through difficult places; down through the slime and degradation of life into a veritable hell. The materially minded person may find there nothing but a hell, black and hopeless. But the spiritually minded man, looking ever for spiritual meanings, even in the depths of

the most sulphurous and abysmal hell, like Jean Val Jean, will find God by his side.

Religion has been defined as the life of God in the soul of man. It is not altogether a satisfactory definition. But if I may paraphrase it for my purpose here I should like to say that spiritual mindedness means the realization of the life of God in the soul of man. Perhaps I had better define it more briefly than I did at the beginning and say that to be spiritually minded is to practice the presence of God.

THE GOOD SIDE OF MILLIONARISM.

Thomas F. Day.

The name of Rockefeller has become a synonym for large philanthropy. The benefaction to Belgium reminds one of the spontaneity of nature's gifts. In this amplitude it resembles Providence. It is plutocracy at its best, ruling over a beggared people with the scepter of goodwill certified not by promises but by immediate performance.

Wealth on the run to stifle with bread the cry of the hungered; riches inquiring the way to desolated homes and hearts bereft,—this is the good side of millionarism.

Concentration of wealth makes for despatch. Given the will, and how quickly and splendidly opens the way! The deliberating, deciding, planning, are the work of a single brain, while the executive function is performed by a thousand willing hands. This means instant command of unlimited resources, efficient management, economy of time, rapid movement, and results astounding in their magnitude.

We are not disposed just now to ask, in the presence of the strictest ethical theory, how the millions were made, because we are so deeply interested in seeing them "speed away" on their errand of mercy. The question regarding "tainted money" will not be mooted in Belgium, I trow.

Concentrated wealth, if consecrated to lofty ends, has a distinct advantage, in this time of appalling disaster, over the "relief funds" slowly gathered by volunteer committees in widely scattered communities. That, however, cannot, must not, displace these. Philanthropy has a blessing for both receiver and giver. If that of the multi-millionaire runs a swifter course, giving first aid more promptly, that of the multitude, while reinforcing the other, reacts upon the donors and keeps the fount of universal sympathy full and out-streaming.

Syracuse, N. Y.

JOTTING I.

The Last Day of the Feast.

Not as in the times of Jesus "the great day," but rather in our case usually the little day—the forenoon of Friday, when the Conference session flickers and finally goes out,—to rise again next year. It has become a habit with us to let the few faithful ones who can be relied upon to stay and bring the session to a decent close,—to let these attend to the tedious reading of the minutes with a sharp lookout for "errors or omissions," and to adopt the few formal reports upon which action had not been taken, and

to gather up the papers and perhaps set them in order for the printer,—thus earning a well-done. Meanwhile some others have been hastening home in order to get there before Sunday, and those living nearer are shopping for themselves or others, or seeing the sights or taking excursions.

Friday morning, October 23rd, was not unlike its predecessors in this respect. The attendance was scarcely one-fourth as great as on the preceding mornings, but in other respects it showed a marked improvement. The review of the records was entrusted to a committee so reliable that we were willing to endorse their work beforehand. Two or three brief reports were presented and adopted and then came a report suggestive, instructive and stimulating, on "Methods of Church Efficiency." It had been prepared by Brother Yoakum of Park Church, Berkeley, for the last meeting of the Bay Association, and he was requested by the Program Committee to repeat the reading of it at the Conference.

A brief statement of facts showed painfully the need of increased efficiency. Dividing our churches into two groups, those of the city and those of the rural regions, he stated that those in the second class had scarcely held their own during the last five years. The population has increased but our churches have decreased. The nineteen country churches that were on our roll five years ago, have fewer members now than they then reported. Respecting city churches, "seven-tenths of them once had more members than they now have." It is admitted that in some cases, as, for example, when there has been a long-needed revision of the roll, a decrease in the enrolled membership may be a token not of decay but of a renewal of life, but in general, such a decrease must be regarded as a symptom of almost fatal inefficiency.

With reference to an increase of efficiency, the report suggested, first, that our rural communities should be made more desirable to live in, and that the church should lead the way in this. Healthful social intercourse must be promoted, i. e., "educational and cultural activities" must be stimulated and improved; agriculture must be made intelligent and practically scientific, lifted up above the level of mere physical toil into that of thoughtful, studious, professional activity. In bringing this about, the church should take the lead, making its meeting-house a community center.

In order to this, the report insists upon either a union or at least an avowed and working federation of churches, to the end that energy and expense now spent in competition may go into brotherly co-operation.

This would tend to remove what some say is the chief reason for inefficiency in our churches, namely, poor preaching. The pastor receiving a sufficient support will be able to provide himself with mental and spiritual pabulum and be delivered from the weakening, disqualifying burden of unpaid bills.

To further progress in these directions the report proposes a "campaign which will touch every church in this Conference." This campaign if carried out will include a day's visit with each church from a "team consisting of three local pastors and one representative of the State Fellowship," who will confer with the pastor and then

meet all who can be gathered in the afternoon and evening, to set in motion whatever measures will at that point most successfully develop an increased efficiency.

I cannot doubt that the omission in the report of reference to prayer and to our dependence upon, and our co-working with, the Spirit of God, came from an assurance that these would be presupposed by all of us. Yet I cannot help expressing a fear that this expectation was too sanguine. It seems to me, and I say it with pain, I fear the consciousness of our dependence on him and of his unflinching presence with us, and the habit of frank and filial and imploring conversation with him, have too small a place in our service as Christians, and that this, far more than anything else, explains the inefficiency of our churches.

That which closed and crowned not only this Friday morning meeting but the whole session of the Conference, was the Devotional Hour, in which Dr. Herring turned our thoughts to "The Ministry of Intercession." It was just what we needed to help us part one from another in warm brotherly love and in the sweet consciousness that

"Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat."

This jotting is already too long for me to add to it all that made Dr. Herring's words come home to me with comfort and with power. I venture to promise that I will return to it next week.

W. C. P.

MISSIONARIES IN TURKEY.

James L. Barton.

Whatever may be given as the cause, the entire Turkish Empire is now at war with the three Allies. American interest in Turkey centers in its religious, educational and benevolent institutions which have been established by American missionaries and American capital. The question is constantly raised as to whether these institutions are to be destroyed and the lives of the Americans in charge to be put into unusual jeopardy because of the state of hostility which prevails. It is impossible for any one to say definitely that there will not come to Americans and American interests in Turkey unusual peril at this time, nevertheless those who are closest to the administration of these missionary and benevolent interests find no little satisfaction in the history of missionary work in Turkey, covering a period of almost a century.

Turkey was at war with England when missionary work began, and from that time until the present there have been almost no decades which were not marked by either a war between Turkey and some outside hostile force, or forces, or by some internal uprisings, which, in many respects, carried in their train a greater peril to missionaries and missionary interests than foreign wars. This covers the war with Egypt, a little before the middle of the last century, the Crimean war, a little past the middle; the war between Turkey and Russia at the beginning of the last quarter of the century, and more recently the Balkan wars. Then there is the whole story of massacres and internal conflicts, covering the difficulties that have been almost perennial between Turkey and Arabia, the war between Turkey and the Druses, the massacres of different periods, in-

cluding those of the Bulgarians and Christians in Macedonia and of the Armenians during the close of the century.

It is an interesting fact, and one worthy of note, at this time that in none of these disturbed conditions has any missionary been injured personally, or has American property been seriously interfered with. In no case, have the missionaries left the country because of war or of massacre. They have taken the ground that at the time of unusual disturbances and distress their place was with the people whom they were sent to help and they have insisted on remaining "with their people." They have thus been able to render services of untold value in administering to the needs of the suffering, comforting the disheartened, caring for orphans, and in helping to restore conditions of civilization when the conflict is past.

At the time of the massacres of 1895, '96 and '97, in spite of the fact that the ambassador at Constantinople wired to the missionaries of the interior that they must go to the capital or else he could afford them no protection, none went. At that time some mission property was destroyed, but for the most part this was paid for by the Turkish government and the buildings were later restored.

Each year has added to the recognition of the importance, to the country and to the people, of the institutions established by the missionaries. Great numbers of the leaders have been trained in these institutions. There is no feeling of resentment. The Turkish leaders look upon these missionary institutions as among the most important of any to be found within the Turkish Empire. There is nothing to fear from the local government. They have already expressed their purpose to see that American interests are abundantly protected, even declaring to the Ambassador at Constantinople that the abrogation of the capitulations would not touch American institutions or in any way interfere with them, since they were all established not under capitulations but by mutual agreement between the Turkish government and the government of the United States, and they have all been continued under Turkish law. Such a declaration was given by the Grand Vizier of Turkey to the United States Ambassador within the last six weeks, and has been repeated in the case of local officials in different parts of the empire.

On the other hand, there is no fear from the invading forces. The attitude of Russia toward American institutions in Turkey as well as in Russia has changed materially within the last few years. The Russian consul at Vän, which will probably be one of the first places invaded, was wholly in favor of the establishment of a new college there within the last three years. Dr. Reynolds, in charge of the enterprise, consulted with the Russian consul and he assured him that the college would have, in case of Russian occupancy, the approval and backing of the Russian government. There is, therefore, little or no ground to fear that the Russian army as it goes into Turkey from the northeast will take any other attitude than that of protection for Americans and American interests.

The invading forces on the west are the English and French armies. Not a few of the missionaries working under American societies are English, and will have their protection. We have every reason to believe that wherever English and French troops land they will afford first of all protection for American institutions and Americans

found there.

There has been a great deal of talk recently in the papers about the Mohammedans declaring a Holy War and setting out upon a general crusade against all Christians. There is no foundation whatever for such a declaration or for any fears in that direction. The Mohammedans are not sufficiently united politically or religiously to inaugurate such a move. The Mohammedans of Arabia, Egypt, Persia and India would never accept the leadership of the Turks in such a crusade. For ten centuries the world has been in the habit of being disturbed and often greatly alarmed by a threat of a Holy War, and yet none has ever occurred and each passing century makes it more impossible. The events of the last decade alone would make a Holy War wholly and entirely out of the question, even were it possible a half century ago, which it was not.

During the mobilization of the Turkish troops there has been great hardship brought upon the people of the entire Turkish Empire. Supplies have been requisitioned, transportation animals have been taken for military purposes, and the people, poor at the beginning, have been stripped of the little they had, so that the winter will be one of terrible distress. Such conditions always develop a spirit of lawlessness, starving men will seek for bread, and this must be expected in many parts of the country unless the war is brief.

The United States Ambassador at Constantinople, Mr. Morgenthau, has shown himself to be the man for the place, a thorough American, who by his recent travels through Turkey, has made himself familiar with the conditions in the interior and has shown an unusual ability in grasping the situation and of throwing himself into the breach. He is bearing tremendous responsibility now, with the care not only of American interests but of British and French as well. He has taken most aggressive measures to see that American interests are thoroughly looked after, and has shown great ingenuity in providing means for getting funds into the country for the support of American institutions.

On the whole there seems to be little cause for special anxiety at this time for the life and comfort and interest of Americans and American institutions in the Ottoman Empire.

Boston, Nov. 7.

THE GOSPEL TEAMS OF THE SACRAMENTO CHURCH FEDERATION.

E. Guy Talbot..

One of the important fields of activity of the Sacramento Church Federation is the work of the Gospel Teams, under the Church Extension Department.

This work was organized six months ago, and since then we have held almost a hundred meetings in 25 different places in and around Sacramento, with an attendance of 5465, an average attendance of more than 60.

These teams come from 12 different churches, some representing single denominations and some composed of members of different denominations. There have been a total of 322 in the different teams in all the meetings, an average of 3 1-2 to the team.

Sometimes in this Extension work a single individual is sent out.

We have sent a man as far away as Dunsmuir. Some-

times 6 or 8 men go. Meetings have been held in most of the towns surrounding Sacramento and in numerous school houses and in Grange halls in the country.

The universal report from all of the communities where meetings have been held is that good has been done. The teams are always invited to come back.

In at least one town with four different denominations the Gospel Team work drew those churches together in their work where they had been pulling apart.

Some of the teams are composed of business, professional, and laboring men,—others, of young men from the Sunday School classes and Young People's societies,—some, of both men and women,—and one of the most suc-

Most of the meetings conducted by our Gospel Teams are evangelistic in character. There isn't any effort at preaching. The men and women simply tell the story of what Christ has done for them and what he can do for others. The net is cast at most meetings and there has been quite a number of conversions.

During the campaign which has recently closed several of the teams of young men held meetings in the interest of California "Dry," and several meetings were held in the interest of the Red-Light Abatement Law.

The success of the Gospel Team movement can not be measured simply by the effect the team has in a given meeting on a congregation or community. The men and women of these teams develop an evangelistic fervor which is contagious. They bring the fervor back to their local church.

An evangelistic campaign is now planned by the Ministerial Union to cover the whole city. The consecrated members of the Gospel Teams, with their evangelistic fervor, are ready to co-operate in every possible way to make this campaign a success.

There is nothing so much needed in Sacramento and vicinity as a religious revival. Such a revival carried on by pastors and people co-operating ought to be far more successful and lasting than a worked up special meeting by an itinerant evangelist.

ONCE AND FOREVER.

Our own are our own forever, God taketh not back his gift.

They may pass beyond our vision, but our souls shall find them out,

When the waiting is all accomplished, and the deathly shadows lift,

And glory is given for grieving, and the surety of God for doubt.

We may find the waiting bitter, and count the silence long, God knoweth we are dust, and he pitieth our pain;

And when faith has grown to fulness, and the silence changed to song,

We shall eat the fruit of patience, and shall hunger not again.

So sorrowing hearts who dumbly in darkness and all alone Sit missing a dear lost presence and the joy of a vanished day,

Be comforted with this message that our own are forever our own,

And God, who gave the gracious gift, he takes it never away.

—Sarah C. Woolsey.

NEW BOOK NOTES.

A Huguenot Saint of the Twentieth Century. By Paul Scippel. Translated from the French. See editorial review elsewhere in *The Pacific*. (F. H. Revell Co., New York; \$1.25 net.)

Boys of the Bible. Norma Bright Carson. Well-written sketches of salient features in the lives of prominent Bible characters, with brief lessons therefrom. Attractively illustrated. (F. H. Revell Co., New York; 75 cents.)

A Book of Public Prayer. Henry Ward Beecher. These devotional outpourings of a great soul have been compiled by T. J. Ellinwood, who was Beecher's special secretary for thirty years. They will be helpful to preachers and of great value also for home and private use. (F. H. Revell Co., New York; 75 cents net.)

Leaves of Life for Daily Inspiration. Margaret Bird Steinmeitz. Something suggestive and inspiring for each day of the year! Some important events or births are chronicled at the top of each page, and there follow poetical and prose selections, along with some verse of Scripture. A good book with which to start each day. (The Abingdon Press, New York; \$1.00 net.)

The Animal School. By Frances Weld Danielson. An attractive book of stories for little children. The cover is very inviting with its barnyard picture, and there are several fine interior illustrations. The stories are: *The Animal School*, *The Barnyard Dancing Class*, *The Animal Picnic*, *The Canary Singing Teacher*, *The Circus in the Great Wood*, *The Wise Owl's Deafness*. (Pilgrim Press, Boston; 50 cents net.)

My Father's Business and Mine. J. Frank Smith. A study of the words of Christ, "Know ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" with the aim to help people to determine what their business is and how they should do it. All based on the thought that man's business and God's are practically identical—that is, that "God and I, God and you, are linked in building a kingdom of individual and social righteousness, peace and joy." (F. H. Revell Co., New York; \$1.00 net.)

Quiet Talks About the Crowned Christ. S. D. Gordon. After many years' study of the Book of Revelation, Dr. Gordon gives thereon one of his series of Quiet Talks. This is with the deep conviction that it is wholly a practical book, written wholly from a practical point of view, and concerned wholly with our practical daily lives. The book, he believes, is a street leading into the true overcoming life to which the Master would woo us. (F. H. Revell Co., New York; 75 cents net.)

The Bird Friends of a Country Doll. By Caroline Allen. The doll in this story knows the bird language and the secrets of bird life, and thus is able to lead the children into the wide out-of-doors and to open their eyes to the wonders of this beautiful world. The contents are: *Alice and the Bluebird*, *Alice and the Robin*, *Alice and the Chickadee*, *Alice and the Wood Thrush*, *Alice and the Song Sparrow*, *The Bobolink's Party*. Nicely illustrated within and with-

out, this book will delight and instruct the little ones. (Pilgrim Press, Boston; 50 cents net.)

Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled. Raymond Calkins. The author finds that two thousand years after these words were first spoken there is a vast deal of trouble in the world, and he seeks to bring the comfort of these the most helpful words in the Bible, and goes on to the Truth of a Living Christ and Immortality. And the concluding question is: "What earthly trouble is there that does not fade away in the light and glory of those many mansions?" (Pilgrim Press, Boston; 25 cents net.)

Growth. By Henry Churchill King. This is one of the beautiful "envelope series" sent forth by the Pilgrim Press, at 25 cents net. It considers the Opportunity of Growth, The Lines of Growth, The Enemies of Growth, The Methods of Growth. Growth, we are told, is the mark of life. The liberating word of Jesus is, "You may grow; you may endlessly grow. * * * Rise to your opportunity of growth—the privilege of life, and the privilege of men, and the promise of God. Glory in it; be worthy of it. Expect it. Plan for it. Plan for endless growth and permanent achievement." (Pilgrim Press, Boston.)

The Rejuvenation of Father Christmas. By J. Edgar Park. A delightful little story showing how in none of the walks of life can there be peace except through good-will. Old Father Christmas meets with many rebuffs until the day when he hears a divinely sweet child's voice saying: "He who would have the right to be 'Father Christmas' one day in the year must be 'Brother Christmas' all the days in the year. And so, when as 'Brother Christmas' he journeys through the days of the year he finds that he has earned the right to be 'Father Christmas' one night toward the close, and once more to be everywhere joyfully acclaimed. Beautifully illustrated, this little book of 67 pages will find wide welcome the holiday season. (Pilgrim Press, Boston; 50 cents net.)

The House of Love. By Elizabeth Cheney. Dorris Avery was a girl who believed it was her duty and privilege to live always in "the House of Love." And so she triumphed over the greatest of ill-treatment and all the untoward circumstances of what was long an ill-starred life. The girl's thought and action are found embodied in these words by Charles F. Lummis on an opening page: "I am bigger than anything that can happen to me. All these things—sorrow, misfortune and suffering—are outside my door. I'm in the house, and I have the key." It does not seem possible that any people could be found who would treat a girl so badly as she was treated in the home in which she passed her early years. But aside from the fact that in this respect the story seems to be not in accord with the facts of life, it is well written, holds the interest, and inculcates silently many good lessons. (The Abingdon Press, New York; \$1.25 net.)

Sunshine Record Book. By Anna Sanford Thompson. A book that is designed to help people remember the sunshine by the way. There are calendar record pages; New Year, Easter, Thanksgiving and Christmas Day pages, with appropriate quotations and blank pages. Also Christmas and Birthday Remembrance pages, Guests' pages, Letter

pages, Book pages, Blue days, lonely days, days of suffering and quiet have provision also. Among the practical selections we find "Be Still and Sleep," by President Blaisdell of Pomona College. This follows the "Good Night" page.

"Tonight, my soul be still and asleep;
God's love is strong while night hours creep—
God's love, not thine;
Be still and sleep."

There are suggestions for the keeping of the record pages. "Happy Happenings through the Year," we are told, should be a record of the tiniest friendly favors received. It is stated that a bit of such favors kept by the compiler of the book during a stay-at-home year gave so much pleasure that it became the seed-thought that blossomed into the "Sunshine Record Book." While the book seems to be designed for the Shut-ins, it will not be so limited, and will be widely useful. (Pilgrim Press, Boston; 50 cents net.)

Among the Churches.

Los Angeles, West End.—At the communion service of November 8 six members were received into fellowship, bringing the total membership of the church up to 100.

Berkeley, First.—The annual meeting was held last week, at which time an amendment to the constitution was adopted which increases the board of deacons and deaconesses to twelve each. The report of the clerk showed that there had been 77 additions to the membership during the year and a net gain of 47. The budget adopted for the ensuing year, exclusive of benevolences, provides for \$8,250. The benevolences will be a little over \$3,000. In addition to the valuable student helpers Dr. Brooks has had during the year an exceptionally efficient helper in the person of Mrs. P. T. Riley, who, during the ensuing year will add to her other duties those of church clerk.

Palo Alto.—After five years of service in the Congregational Church of Palo Alto, Rev. Roy H. Campbell offered his resignation on Sunday morning, November 8. Mr. Campbell briefly stated that a strong call had come to him from the Fourth Congregational Church of Oakland, and that upon consideration it seemed to him that he could render a greater service in a church of that character than in his present position. The resignation was wholly unexpected by all, and as yet the church has no plans. The thought of the church seems to be that it must, if called upon, consider it a duty and a joyful privilege to send into larger fields of usefulness any of its members, even though that member may be its pastor.

Saratoga.—On a recent Sunday a portrait painting of Dr. Americus Fuller was exhibited in the church. This portrait, which has just been completed by Mr. Andrew P. Hill, the San Jose artist, is intended for the permanent possession of Aintab College, Turkey, and will be forwarded as soon as conditions in Turkey become more settled. Dr.

Fuller, who is a venerable and much-loved member of the Saratoga church, was on service for twenty-five years in the college at Aintab, and for a large part of the time he was its president. The painting is unusually successful in catching Dr. Fuller's winsome and characteristic expression. The church has assumed the financial cost which is involved, and the picture will go to Turkey as an expression of the regard of the whole church.

Campbell.—The pastor has just had two delightful experiences—speaking to sailors at the Naval Training School at Goat Island, and being invited to go through San Quentin by one of the executive officers of the prison, and was given the opportunity of seeing everything, and had long interviews with four of the head officers. The special privilege was greatly appreciated. Our church last Sunday enjoyed hearing the Rev. C. W. Merrill, just returned from the Balkans, where he has been for a year. Any church desiring a supply, or a splendid up-to-date missionary address, would do well to get in touch with Mr. Merrill. His address on "Bulgaria, Politically, Educationally and Religiously," is of special value and interest. He speaks in his old pastorate in Saratoga next Sunday.

Los Angeles, First.—"Friends, our friends, have come," was the glad song in every heart when the Dr. and Mrs. Day and Madam Day appeared in the church Sunday, October 18th. They arrived on the 17th, and were greeted by a large and joyful crowd at the railway station. Sunday morning the crowded church gave Dr. Day the Chautauqua salute. He preached from the text, "I am not ashamed of the gospel." The monthly dinner of the Brotherhood, which had been deferred from October 5th, occurred on the 19th and gave the church another opportunity to express their joy at the safe arrival of their beloved friends. Just before the company broke up Dr. Turk said, when our pastor and made the longest possible terrestrial journey, there was nothing left for the other pastor but to visit "the Hub." Dr. and Mrs. Turk left on a late train that evening. We hope nothing will occur to mar their rest after eleven months of devoted and arduous service. They will spend most of their time in and around Boston.

Yucaipa.—Rev. D. D. Mitchell was recognized as pastor November 10th by the most notable aggregation of denominational leaders that ever honored Yucaipa with their presence. The pastors of the Redlands church, Rev. Herbert A. Jump and J. H. Williams, furnished the automobiles that brought the delegates up to this elevated valley. The moderator was moderator of the State Conference—Rev. James Lash. He had known Mr. Mitchell in Minnesota. The scribe was Rev. E. E. Smith, general missionary for Southern California, and he had known the candidate in North Dakota. These coincidences afforded a striking illustration of California as the ultimate goal of all wise Easterners. Dr. Williams preached the sermon. Other parts were taken by Revs. James Lash, R. B. Larkin, R. F. Carter, E. E. Smith, H. A. Jump and the Methodist pastor of Yucaipa. This valley is a valley with a future. Miles and miles of fruit trees have been set out under the very shoulder of mighty San Bernardino Mountain at an elevation of more than a half-mile; and in another five years it is expected that Yucaipa will be a town of considerable size.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Dr. Aked will speak at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday. Subject: "A Friendly Talk on the Week Night Service."

The Rev. F. Goodsell and family came recently from Turkey and are with relatives in Berkeley. Mr. Goodsell is the representative of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley in the mission work in Turkey. This is his furlough year.

Mr. Philo Mills, who has been a deacon in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley for many years, presented his resignation a few weeks ago, thinking that a younger man could serve the church better. He was made deacon emeritus, with the same salary he has always had in the Berkeley church—the love of all the members.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer will begin next Sunday evening in Plymouth Church, Oakland, a series of sermons on "Imaginary Occupations. Topics: If I Were the Proprietor of a Great Newspaper; If I Were the Chief of Police; If I Controlled a Metropolitan Theatre; If I Were a Saloon Keeper; If I Were a City Manager. The topics will be approached from a sympathetic rather than a denunciatory standpoint. They will be presented in a spirit of humility rather than self assurance.

The annual banquet of the Congregational Club of Southern California was held at the Hotel Maryland in Pasadena on the evening of November 13. A goodly number were in attendance. The principal address of the evening was by our National Secretary, Dr. H. C. Herring. Other addresses were made by Dr. Day and by Rev. F. L. Holmes. Dr. Kengott was elected president for the ensuing year, Rev. J. H. Mallows was chosen vice-president, and Mr. A. B. Chittenden was re-elected secretary.

The Secretary of the Church Federation of Sacramento wrote The Pacific on the 14th of November: "Next Monday we are inaugurating a union evangelistic campaign covering the entire city, using the local ministerial talent instead of outside evangelists. The ministers will take turns preaching, and during the afternoons will visit from house to house in the various sections in which the meetings are held.—The Rev. A. W. Palmer, of the Plymouth Church, Oakland, last night concluded a most successful series of meetings in this city. He spoke every night at the Congregational Church and gave several special addresses. One that created special interest was an address on the Peace movement at the Civic League-Chamber of Commerce luncheon. Another was his address on the Spiritual Element in the Modern Drama before the Tuesday Club."

THE REV. CHARLES C. KIRTLAND.

The Rev. Charles C. Kirtland passed into the other life on Saturday November the 7th. Funeral services were held at Redwood City Tuesday of last week, where he was the beloved pastor for eight years previous to his pastorate at Lodi where he was stricken down with apoplexy about a year and a half ago.

Among those present and participating in the funeral services were: Rev. C. H. Stevens, pastor at Redwood; President Nash of Pacific Seminary; Secretary Hinman of the American Missionary Association, Superintended Rath-

bone of the Northern California Conference and Field-worker Singer of the Home Missionary Society.

Mr. Kirtland was born in Connecticut, was a graduate from Oberlin College and Pacific Theological Seminary. His first pastorate was at Sebastopol. Thence he went to Sonoma; and from there to Redwood; and lastly to Lodi. In every one of these fields he labored so ably and devotedly as to greatly endear himself to all in each community.

The Redwood local paper said last week concerning him:

No minister ever had the love and hearty good will of his parishoners more than had Mr. Kirtland, and his sermons ever served as a source of inspiration to the hearers. He was not only a preacher to the people but he was their pastor as well, and he followed out the biblical injunction, 'Feed my lambs.' He was a courteous, sweet-dispositioned man, almost boyish in his enthusiasm and good fellowship. But he had a depth of character and a resolution of purpose that gave him the respect of all who knew him, no matter what their creed might be. He was a hard student and could quote from the masters, but his favorite poem was the one which he usually gave when conducting a funeral service and which was the prayer sent up for him by one of his former classmates:

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me
And may there be no moaning on the bar
When I put out to sea.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

"For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far
I hope to meet my pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."

While pastor at Sebastopol Mr. Kirtland was married and his wife and two children survive him.

HARRY SHERRILL WILLETT.

Friends of the Rev. George Willett, long a leader in Congregational thought in Southern California, will learn with deep regret of the passing into the other life of his son, Harry Sherrill Willett, on Nov. 15. A sudden illness did its work quickly.

Mr. Willett received his M. A. at the University of California in 1913. Since that time he has been principal of the High School at Paso Robles, where his influence for the best in everything was felt as strongly outside of the classroom as within.

Though his life was short Mr. Willett succeeded in making the years count in a way that is rarely seen. Of high ideals, fine spirit, and grim determination, he stood for the right with all the power there was in him. He died

working to the last, always hearing the call to serve wherever a man was needed.

Mr. Willett leaves a wife and three children, and a father, now a resident of Berkeley, all sorely stricken, but happy in the gift he was able to make to the world for its uplift and betterment.

IN MEMORY OF PROFESSOR FAIRFIELD.

For the last few years no name has been more familiar to Southern California Congregationalists than that of Rev. Frederick W. Fairfield, who for several years was the efficient registrar of the Los Angeles Association. And not only in his official capacity was he known, but by all he was universally beloved, especially by the younger men, to whom he was a counsellor of rare value. His long experience as a teacher gave him a deep understanding of a young man's ways of thinking, and a very real sympathy with him as he faced his difficulties. Accordingly more than one young minister, coming to this part of the state and trying to gain a foothold, found in him a Father Confessor and helpful friend.

Prof. Fairfield was a man of singular capacity for order, and for doing small things in the right way. So it came about that he was able to introduce into the working of the registrarship a degree of efficiency rarely attained. His books were perfectly kept, and every action of the Association, so far as he influenced it, was done in its proper manner. It will be long before his example among us will be forgotten.

It came therefore as a profound shock to his friends when his serious illness was reported, and when only a week later he went home. The funeral service was conducted by his pastor, Rev. J. H. Mallows of Plymouth Church, assisted by Dr. Wm. M. Brooks, with whom Mr. Fairfield had been associated in Tabor College, and by Dr. N. L. Rowell and Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher. Beside his wife Prof. Fairchild leaves two daughters and a son, Rev. Wynn C. Fairfield of the Shan-si Mission in China.

At the Los Angeles Congregational ministers' meeting of Nov. 9 a committee was appointed to draw up resolutions expressing the loss which our fellowship had suffered, and on November 16, the following set of resolutions was presented by the chairman, Dr. Rowell:

Frederick Wyal Fairfield was born in Oberlin, Ohio, Dec. 29, 1846. He was graduated from Oberlin College in 1868; studied in Chicago Theological Seminary, in Andover Theological Seminary, and was graduated from Oberlin Seminary in 1871. He was ordained Oct. 10, 1871, and was pastor in Rio, Wyocena, Baraboo and Dartford, Wisconsin.

For some time Mr. Fairfield was engaged in teaching. He was professor of Greek in Howard University, professor of Greek language and Literature and instructor in German and French in Tabor College, Iowa, and later professor of Greek language and Literature and Political Economy in Howard University, for a time serving as its acting president. He received the degree of D. D., from Tabor College in 1891.

He married Harriet L. Allen in 1871. In 1907 he retired on the Carnegie Foundation and made his residence in this city, where he died November 6, aged 67 years.

In the death of Mr. Fairfield we feel that the Church of Christ has suffered a great loss, and that it is fitting that

we should record our appreciation of his life and labors among us.

His faithfulness in Christian Service, his genial spirit which manifested itself in all his relations with men; his splendid training which fitted him for leadership in Christian service; and his wide experience in the higher things, were a valuable contribution to the cause he loved.

Therefore: Be it resolved that while we mourn our loss, we will bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well, and seek to gather courage and inspiration from his singularly unselfish and helpful life.

H. V. H.

SAN BERNARDINO ASSOCIATION.

A uniquely successful meeting of the San Bernardino Association was held recently with the Redlands church, Rev. Herbert A. Jump, pastor. Every minister in the Association had a part on the program. The devotional periods consisted of five-minute addresses by an appointed leader. The moderator, Rev. James Muir of San Jacinto, was an ex-officer of the Salvation Army with fourteen years of Army experience to his credit. As an Army officer he had spoken in the very church where now he presided as a Congregational moderator.

Dr. J. H. Williams gave impressions of Congregational New England gleaned during his residence of a year in Massachusetts. Dr. William Horace Day traced the triumphs of the Cross round the world as he observed them during his recent tour. President Blaisdell set forth the tactics of Jesus in training young men to do the work of the Kingdom. Rev. Henry Mowbray of San Bernardino had come from his big Sunday School of 1300 in Cleveland just in time to participate in the Association, and breezily he told us how to commend the Gospel to the young. Another former assistant pastor of the First Church, Oakland, Ray F. Carter, who was a guest of Mr. Jump's brought a stirring talk on "The Social Vision Needed in Frontier Towns." Rev. Horace Porter interpreted "1915 for Christ"; Rev. Joseph B. Long told of "A Theology for Thinkers"; Rev. James Lash of Pasadena, moderator of the Conference, counselled us to appropriate the Young People's Society for sane religious education and work.

The resolutions consecrated the church to a continuance of effort looking toward the abolition of liquor from California, but they contained this significant sentence; "we trust that when next the proposition is laid before the people of the state, it may be framed in terms adapted more wisely to the peculiar conditions prevalent in California, and may be able thus to enlist in more undivided power the strength of the moral sentiment of our commonwealth." They also urged co-operation in the programs of religious work connected with the San Francisco and San Diego expositions.

WASHINGTON.

The Associate Home Missionary Superintendent, J. R. Knodell, has already taken hold of the work in Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho with vigor. He has visited several of the pastorless churches, and is now conducting a series of meetings at Plummer, Idaho, where the Methodist Episcopal authorities are endeavoring to organize a church in violation of the principles of the Mission Council.

James A. Karr, one of the earliest pioneers of the State, and a staunch Congregationalist, was stricken with

apoplexy at his home on South Nob Hill, North Yakima, last week and died instantly. He was one of the best-known of the early settlers of Washington. He was born in Indiana, September 18, 1834, on a farm near Martinsville. He came to California in 1855, and from there to Washington Territory, to what is now Whatcom, the same year. He was the first white man to penetrate that rich district with which he was long prominently connected. That was true pioneering in those days, and his memoirs tell of many interesting incidents. He established the first brick plant on the Washington coast, clerked in a store, searched for mines, traded with the Indians, ran a ferry, and from 1860 to 1872 served as the first auditor of Chelalis county, following its segregation from Thurston county. Later he taught school, served in the legislatures of 1875-82-93 and was several times Mayor of Gray's Harbor, which was his home for forty years, and until he came to North Yakima in 1904.

He leaves a widow, five daughters and four sons—seven living in Washington and two in Oregon.

Mrs. Karr is the daughter of the early Spokane missionaries, Rev. Elkanah and Mary A. Walker, and was born in Tshimakain Mission, and is the oldest white woman born in the State of Oregon.

The Rev. Charles E. Philbrick has resigned as pastor at Beach, to take effect December 31st.

WASHINGTON.

The Fall Meeting of the Northwestern Association of Washington Congregational Ministers and Churches.

The twenty-third semi-annual meeting of the Northwestern Association of Washington was splendidly entertained by the pastor and members of Pilgrim Church Anacortes on Nov. 5-6, with J. D. Hudson, Moderator, and Robert M. Pratt, Registrar.

The moderator, being the host of the Association, requested Rev. Warren Morse, of Bellingham, to preside for him. Mr. Morse was a patient and efficient chairman. Rev. C. J. Swain, of Edmonds was elected scribe. The Moderator appointed three committees: Nominating, Revs. F. C. Rolls, W. R. Parr and Mrs. Burt of Lopez. Resolutions, Revs. C. J. Swain, Andrew Erickson and Mr. J. B. Kaylor, of Bellingham. Credentials, Revs. R. M. Pratt, C. E. Philbrook and Mr. A. J. Maughlin, of Snohomish. The Association sermon preached by Rev. F. C. Rolls, of Monroe, was a thoughtful discourse and well delivered. His theme was "The Church." Mrs. Warren Morse presided during the Woman's Hour and introduced several speakers who detailed the work of various Missionary Societies in the district. Rev. Dr. J. K. Browne, of Turkey, gave a splendid address on the missionary activities in the land of the Crescent. He also delivered the concluding address of the gathering and left a profound impression of the far-reaching value of work in needy Turkey.

The presence of Dr. Hubert C. Herring undoubtedly marked the Association as the "Best ever." The four addresses delivered by him were all characteristic of wide experience and profound thinking. The writer will never forget the impression made upon him by Dr. Herring's soul-stirring talk on "Prayer," delivered at the supper table. We feel, after listening to this worthy representative of our National Congregationalism, that we belong to a church with a message and a future.

Revs. W. W. Scudder and J. H. Matthews, of Seattle, ad-

ressed the Association on "Home Missions" and "Sunday school work." A very enjoyable paper was read by Rev. Carl J. Swain of Edmonds, on the theme, "Ministerial Economy." So interested was the gathering in the breezy presentation of the subject that a resolution was passed that the paper should be sent to one of our Denominational papers for publication.

Dr. L. L. West, who, on account of failing health, had resigned from the Everett church, was very kindly remembered by his brethren. The kindly face and excellent advice were greatly missed. A writing tablet was placed on the table and eleven messages were written, being forwarded to Brother West by the Moderator. The following resolution was adopted: "Resolved that this Association remembers with great affection and pleasure the pastorate of Rev. L. L. West at Everett, and his fellowship to the Northwestern Association. And it is with great sorrow that we learn of his diminished health. We join in prayers to God for his comfort and recovery of health. We assure him of our warmest personal regards and our tender memories of his former words of counsel and inspiration, and we hope for years of usefulness and abundance in spiritual grace and favor."

Rev. Elbert E. Flint, who succeeds Dr. West in the Everett pastorate, coming from Great Falls, Montana, appeared before the Association and delivered a fine address on "The Church and Labor." Mr. Flint is unusually well-informed upon the subject of labor problems and will certainly find a place of unique opportunity for his gifts in this western field.

Mr. Chester E. Holcombe, son of one of our veteran preachers, was licensed to preach, and assigned to the care of Rev. Warren Morse for necessary studies.

Rev. E. E. Flint was received from the Montana State Conference, Rev. A. W. Bond, from the Portland Association of Oregon, Rev. Andrew Erickson from the Northern Pacific Association of Minnesota, and Rev. W. V. Davis, formerly of Leavenworth, was granted a dismissal to the Wenatchee Presbytery.

The invitation of Granite Falls for the annual meeting in May of next year was accepted and Rev. C. J. Swain was chosen as the preacher. The reports from the churches represented were encouraging and showed that much is being done for the extension of the Kingdom. R. M. P.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The sixty-sixth annual Conference of Congregational Churches of Oregon was held with the historic church of Forest Grove—organized in 1844—on October 27th-29th. Mr. Charles E. McGinniss, a lawyer of Eugene, elected last year, presided and gave "Some Views of a Layman," in his opening address. The annual associational sermon was preached the first evening by Rev. William C. Kantner, of University Park Church, Portland.

Rev. John Foster, of Sherwood, was elected Scribe. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed during the first afternoon session, and in connection with that a memorial service was held in order to honor the memory of Rev. P. S. Knight and Rev. T. J. Woodcock, both of Salem, who have gone to their reward in recent weeks. Short addresses were delivered by Rev. D. B. Gray and Rev. John J. Staub. The former has been in the ministry since 1863 and was the Scribe of the Conference (then called As-

sociation) in June, at Salem; the latter has been in the ministry twenty-two years, and has been pastor of the Sunnyside Church since its organization in 1882, the oldest Protestant pastorate in Oregon.

A number of highly interesting as well as suggestive papers were presented for consideration, none more so than that upon "Federation of the local Church," by Rev. George N. Edwards, pastor at Oregon City.

The presence of Rev. Hubert C. Herring, D. D., Secretary of the National Council, was greatly appreciated, and his stirring addresses—first, on the "Basis of Our Faith," and second, "The Path Ahead" ought to be printed in leaflet form in order that they might find a place in every Congregational household in our country. The vision of duty responsibility and possibility of service, suggested by him, as something to strive to appreciate and attain unto, was the high water mark of the Conference.

Second only to the foregoing in the matter of close attention were the two hours occupied by the ladies in presenting both home and foreign missionary topics. Hereafter, it is likely that the Program Committee of each Conference will find a place for the women at intervals throughout each day's session, instead of being confined to one particular hour, as has been the custom for years. The subjects presented were as follows: "Social Aspect of Foreign Missions" by Mrs. B. D. Sigler; "The War and Missions in Turkey," by Mrs. R. M. Cole; "The Indian Question," by Mrs. A. E. Green; "The Need of Christian Young Women in the World's Work," by Mrs. Thomas Roberts. Interspersed between the Foreign and home work were inspiring solos by Mrs. Frank T. Chapman, of the Conservatory of Music, Pacific University."

"The Great War and Christian Education," was the momentous subject presented by President Charles J. Bushnell, of Pacific University." His method of treating it contained no note of pessimism as a result of the unspeakable and murderous struggle between the principal so-called Christian nations of Europe. These were being tried as by fire, as he believed, and out of the awful conflict good would come in time.

The work of the Sunday Schools was presented by Rev. J. M. Dick, assistant missionary, working under the direction of the Superintendent of the Sunday School interests of Washington. Mr. Dick was formerly the pastor of the Hubbard Church, thirty-five miles south of this city.

"The Future Possibilities of Congregationalism in Oregon," was the subject of an address by Rev. Perry F. Schrock, of the First Church, Salem. Mr. Schrock tendered his resignation to the trustees of the Salem Church, and it is expected that he will then accept a call to the Santa Anna (Cal.) Congregational Church.

"Back to the Home," was presented by Rev. A. S. Donat, the new pastor at Hood River. Mr. Donat has served several years in social settlement work, and it is believed that he will find in the experience thus gained, an excellent equipment for his present field.

"The Church and Labor," was a live topic, discussed on the part of so-called "labor" by Mr. A. H. Harris, late editor of the "Labor Press," and on the part of the Church, by William H. Lewis, well known throughout the coast. Mr. Harris recently declared in my presence that "The Church was the laboring man's worst enemy, and that the saloon was the laboring man's club," in other words, his best friend. Those who know Mr. Lewis can

well imagine what his attitude was in that discussion.

President C. S. Nash, of Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley, Cal., was present at the Conference and made a strong appeal for a greater support of this important institution.

The closing evening of the Conference was given to "Home Missions at Work,"—first, "In the Country Circuit," by Rev. F. C. Butler; second, "In the Village Community," by Rev. Frank J. Meyer; third, "In the City Parish," by Rev. Frank W. Gorman." These addresses were followed by an address on the "Social Force of Christian Missions," by Rev. George W. Hinman, Pacific Coast Secretary of the A. M. A.

Frequently during the Conference the well night matchless tenor voice of Rev. Frank W. Gorman, of Atkinson Memorial Church, was called into willing service, thus adding an unusual spiritual uplift in the singing.

Rev. Otis H. Holmes, the new pastor of the Forest Grove Church, arrived on October 15th, with his family consisting of his wife and two children. He is a graduate of Chicago Theological Seminary, and has only served two churches since his graduation—Creston and Algona, Iowa, the latter for twelve years.

Rev. E. S. Bollinger, of Highland Church, was elected Moderator for the ensuing year, and Mr. W. B. Bethune, of Atkinson Memorial Church, Assistant Moderator.

Portland, November 1, 1914.

For The Children.

A FORTUNE IN A TREE.

The most valuable tree in the known world is the famous avocado, or alligator-pear, tree, owned by Mr. Harry A. Woodworth, of Whittier, Cal.

The tree is just eight years old, and this year made \$5,002 for its owner. Mr. Woodworth has recently had a thirty-foot fence erected around his tree to keep out miscreants, and has had the tree insured against fire and wind with Lloyds, of London, for \$30,000. A local nurseryman produced this tree from a seed sent from the Mexican highland. Several more of these seeds were planted at the same time, and have grown into beautiful trees; but none have borne fruit. This tree stands thirty-five feet high, and its trunk is forty-eight inches in circumference. Another peculiar feature about it is that it began bearing when only three years old, as the avocado seldom bears before the age of eight or ten years. The fruit is the shape of a very large pear. It has a very dark green skin and contains one large seed, while the meat is of a creamy consistency. The tree bore, 3,865 pears this year, which sold at from six to eight dollars a dozen.

In order to save his tree from ruin in satisfying bud-wood purchasers, the owner has raised the price of buds from ten to twenty-three cents each. Twenty-five hundred and seventy dollars of this year's receipts from the tree came from the fruit, and twenty-four hundred and thirty-two cents from the sale of bud-wood. The raising of the avocado promises to become one of the leading industries in California. It is being propagated by thousands; and hundreds of acres are being set out with young avocado trees.—St. Nicholas.

THE LUCKY PENNY.

"Isn't it pretty?" Bobby asked his mother.

A shiny new cent lay on Bobby's rosy little palm. Of course the penny was a present. Uncle Will gave it to Bobby.

"What are you going to do with it?" Bobby's mother asked.

"Oh, it's a lucky penny," Bobby explained. "I'm not going to spend it; it's going to stay in my pocket and bring me good luck. I think I'll go and show it to Betty." Bobby snatched up his cap and ran out of doors and down the street. He hopped and skipped as he ran, for he was very happy on that bright Saturday morning.

If Bobby thought the penny would stay quietly in his pocket, he was quite mistaken, for the penny really had ideas of its own. It didn't like the thought of staying in a dark pocket with some bits of dirty string and a few nails for company, so when Bobby jumped, too. Right out of Bobby's pocket it bounded down to the sidewalk!

The sidewalk ran down a hill and the penny ran too, and Bobby ran after. Then the penny ran faster and at last made another jump. This time the penny leaped into a deep ditch and hid in the soft earth. When Bobby peeped down he could not see the penny at all!

But lucky pennies are not to be so easily lost. Bobby ran home and got his little shovel, and soon he had climbed into the ditch and was busily turning over the ground looking for that runaway penny.

"What are you doing there?" called a voice from overhead.

Bobby looked up to see old Mr. Whitman leaning on his cane and gazing down at him.

"I lost a penny, sir. It rolled in here," Bobby answered.

"Tut, tut!" cried the old man. "Don't hunt any longer. I'll give you another penny."

"Thank you, sir," said Bobby; "but this was my lucky penny. I must find it."

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Whitman again, and he walked off, tapping the ground with his cane.

Bobby dug and dug, but still he could not find that runaway penny. By and by Mr. Whitman came again.

"Found it yet?" he inquired.

"No, sir, not yet; but I think I shall soon," Bobby replied hopefully.

"I think I'll go home and get my shovel and help in the search," said the old gentleman.

"Oh, no, sir, that wouldn't do at all, sir. I lost it, and I must find it. You're very kind, but I must find it myself," Bobby answered.

"Tut, tut!" said the old man, looking down at Bobby. "I hear there is going to be a ball game this afternoon. Going, Bobby?"

"Yes, sir, if I find my penny in time," Bobby said.

"What's a penny got to do with a ball game?"

"Nothing; only I must find it before I do anything else."

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Whitman as he strode off.

He could not have gone far, however, for a few minutes later, when Bobby scrambled out of the ditch with the lucky penny in his hand, Mr. Whitman was waiting near by.

"Found your penny, eh?" he asked.

"Yes," said Bobby; "isn't it a fine penny?"

"H'm, yes," said the old gentleman, fumbling in his pocket. "I said I'd give you another penny, and I will, Bobby. Here it is—here's a penny because you are persistent."

Bobby took the two pennies in his hand and ran home.

"Oh," cried Bobby, "I think my penny was very lucky, if I did lose it. I'm glad I was that big word Mr. Whitman called me. I'm glad I was per-sistent."—Frances Kirkland, in the Churchman.

Lots of people attract attention who are not in other ways attractive.

An egotist is a man who is so wrapped up in himself that he pays no attention to us.

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